

Untitled

Story: Untitled

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/3562045/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Words: 1,077

Author: TemplarArchon

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/659493/>

Last updated: 05/29/2007

Words: 1077

Rating: T

Status: In Progress

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Our favorite child of Anemos gets a visitor in the night.

***Chapter 1*: Untitled**

Untitled

It was just another night in Contigo. A woman sat, surrounded by candles, the tiny pinpricks of light being the only illumination in the room. A subtle, yet undeniably powerful wake of psynergy flowed and pulsed around her. Her eyes were shut, her breathing light and barely there. In this state, the veil that surrounds the mind is peeled back, and the fog that obscures time melts away. And as she gazed forward into what is to come, she saw many things... trials of pain, trials of fortitude, of greed, and power. Tonight was the night. Her time had come.

In the darkness of the room, one would have barely noticed the door gently swing open. The dim candlelight did little to illuminate the visitor. He stepped forward, his cloak giving him the likeness of a mass of shadow creeping about the darkness. The woman spoke, not even opening her eyes to acknowledge him.

"I knew you would come, Zarei."

The newcomer flinched as he heard his name, but did not speak. She continued.

"How long has it been? Fifteen, twenty years? I was but a child back then, and yet, you haven't aged a day since we first met."

If it had been brighter in the room, one would have seen a small smirk come across his grim visage.

"Yes, I remember that day. While that merchant and his wife took your brother away, the people of Contigo took you in as their own little pet Oracle. How quaint."

The woman sighed, but kept her eyes closed. The wake of psynergy that surrounded her pulsed and slowly gained in power. The newcomer, however, did not notice.

"Why are you here, Zarei?"

"Don't play coy with me, woman. You must have seen this coming. Such is the gift of foresight. You have a great part to play in what is to come."

"What you intend to do is nothing short of madness, Zarei. Go through with this, and the world will never be the same."

The man chuckled grimly.

"That's exactly why I'm doing it. Come. It's time. Don't think of acting against me. You were ever the Jupiter prodigy, but even that cannot help you now."

The woman stood, but her eyes remained closed. The stranger stepped forward, his mere presence extinguishing the candles.

"You've made the right choice. Coming willingly will save me much trouble."

When she didn't move, the man snarled and grabbed her wrist. Although he wore gloves, his touch was freezing cold. As soon as he took her wrist, her eyes flashed open and the Jupiter psynergy that had gathered around her exploded outward in a tremendous surge of power. Purple tendrils of energy shot forward and engulfed the man, sending him flying out the door and down the hill this house was situated

on. Slowly getting to his feet, the man cursed, purple energy still rippling through his torn, smoking clothes. Snarling, he glared daggers up at the top of the hill, where the woman stood, defiant.

"You're making a big mistake."

With a powerful cry, Zarei gathered an unfamiliar type of psynergy into his arm and swiped diagonally downward, sending a powerful surge of black energy rippling through the hill. Black lightning coursed throughout the hill, and, moments later, the top of the hill crumbled and collapsed, sending the woman's abode crashing down to the ground.

The woman leapt off the ledge and manipulated the wind around her to slow her descent. As she landed, she whirled about and summoned a windstorm that consumed Zarei, lifting him into the air and pummeling him. Gathering all the power she could muster, she called forth jagged bolts of blue lightning, striking him a few times at first before becoming a lethal tempest of energy and swirling winds. With a final, earthshattering blow, the bolts of psynergetic power thrust Zarei into the ground with enough force to crumble the ground about him. The last remnants of energy seeped into the ground and disappeared. The woman, drained by her impressive show of skill, fell to her knees, her breathing labored. It would seem that she had bested her captor. And yet...

A harsh cough brought her attention to her fallen foe. Covered in acrid black smoke and his clothes torn and mutilated by Jupiter psynergy, he was barely recognizable, but it was still he. Unbelievable! Such a mighty blow would have surely bested any common man. Of course, she should have realized by now. Zarei was no ordinary man. Tattered and torn, burnt and pummeled, he was still alive. And, as he

gazed up at Hama with inhuman intensity and utter madness, she realized the nightmare that was about to unfold.

Zarei gestured towards her with his fingers, and chains of black psynergy shot forth, wrapping around her wrists, ankles, and waist. She practically screamed at the searing heat at which the chains fastened themselves to her skin. Blinking back tears from the indescribable pain, she could barely hear Zarei speaking.

"Forgive me, Hama dearest, but you have a part to play in this great game of mine, and I can't have you having any more *outbursts*. Your power is every bit as great as I knew it would be from the first day I saw you. Such power will be integral in what I have planned."

By now, a few of her fellow Contigans were roused from their slumber by the commotion outside, and so stood in their doorways with torches questioning the source of the noise. Before any could realize her capture, however, Zarei molded the shadows about him and his captive and disappeared from sight completely.

At that moment, miles away, in a room at Vale's rebuilt inn, a certain fair-haired Jupiter adept shot awake, his temples on fire. Rolling out of bed, he stumbled over to the small bucket of water on the table beside him, splashing himself with water. As the pain slowly ebbed, a concerned Mariner sat up in the bed across from his, watching him intently. When he thought it appropriate, he spoke.

"What's the matter?"

While he had never experienced such terrible pain before, such a sign, coupled with his innate powers of foresight

could only mean one thing. Breathing heavily, his hair slick with sweat, Ivan turned towards Piers, and spoke, in a tone most grim.

"Hama's been kidnapped."